What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange? 1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her: get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt too, for he relapse
Is mortall: come, come; and *Esculapius* guid vs.

They carie her away. Exeunt Omnes.

¶ *Enter Pericles, Atharsus, with Cleon and Dionisa.*

Per. Most hon or'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue
Moneths are exp^ir'd, and *Tyrus* stands in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnesse,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs.

Di. O your sweete Queene! that the strict fates had pleas'd,
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and roare as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here, I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be maner'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers dayly fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my dutie: but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be maried.
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnsisterd shall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace eue to the edge ath shore,
then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest
winds of heauen,

Per. I will imbrace your offer, come deerest Madame,
O no teares *Lichoridæ*, no teares, looke to your little Mistris,
on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

¶ *Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.*

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lord, that I was shipt at sea I well remember,
euen on my learning time. but whether there deliuered, by the
holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wed-
ded Lord I nere shall see againe, a vastall liuerie will I take
me to, and neuer more haue ioy

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please, a Neece or mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thar. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Gower.*

Imagine *Pericles* arriu'de at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desire:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo